

COOPERS-HILL.

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A

P O E M,

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Written by the Honourable

Sir JOHN DENHAM,

Knight of the *Barb.* K

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L O N D O N :

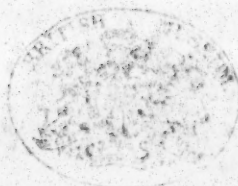
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# TO THE KING.

S I R,

**A**fter the delivery of Your Royal Father's Person into the hands of the Army, I undertaking to the Queen Mother, that I would find some means to get access to him she was pleased to send me, and by the help of Hugh Peters I got my admittance, and coming well instructed from the Queen (his Majesty having been long kept in the dark) he was pleased to discourse very freely with me of the whole state of his Affairs: But, Sir, I will not launch into a History, instead of an Epistle. One morning waiting on him at Coutham, smiling upon me, he said he could tell me some News of my self, which was, that he had seen some Verses of mine the Evening before (being those to Sir Richard Fanshawe) and asking me when I made them, I told him two or three years since; he was pleased to say, that having never seen them before, He was afraid I had written them since my return into England, and though he liked them well, He would advise me to write no more, alledging, that when men are young, and have little else to do, they might vent the overflowings of their Fancy that way; but when they were thought fit for more serious Employments, if they still persisted in that course, it would look as if they minded not the way to any better.

Whereupon I stood corrected as long as I had the honour to wait upon him, and at his departure from Hampton Court, he was pleased to command me to stay privately at London, to send to him and receive from him all his Letters from and to all his Correspondents at home and abroad, and I was furnish'd with nine several Cyphers in order to it: Which trust I performed with great safety, to the persons with whom we corresponded; but about nine months after being discovered by their knowledge of Mr. Cowley's Hand I happily escaped both for my self, and those that held correspondence with me; that time was too hot and busie for such idle speculations, but after I had the good fortune to wait upon Your Majesty in Holland and France, You were pleased sometimes to give me Arguments to divert and put off the evil hours of our Banishment, which now and then fell not short of Your Majesties expectation.

After, when Your Majesty departing from St. Germans to Jersey, was pleased freely (without my asking) to confer upon me that place wherein I have now the honour to serve You, I then gave over Poetical Lines.

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

and made it my business to draw such others as might be more serviceable to Your Majesty, and I hope more lasting. Since that time I never disobeyed my old Masters commands till this Summer at the Wells, my retirement there tempting me to divert those melancholy thoughts, which the new apperitions of Foreign invasion, and Domestick discontent gave us: But these Clouds being now happily blown over, and our Sun clearly shining out again, I have recovered the relapse, it being suspected that it would have proved the Epidemical Disease of Age, which is apt to fall back into the follies in Youth; yet Socrates, Aristotle and Cato did the same, and Scaliger saith, that Fragment of Aristotle was beyond any thing that Pindar or Homer ever wrote. I will not call this a Dedication, for these Epistles are commonly greater absurdities than any that come after: For what Author can reasonably believe, that fixing the Great Name of some eminent Patron in the Forehead of his Book can charm away censure, and that the first Leaf should be a Curtain to draw over and hide all the deformities that stand behind it? neither have I any need of such shifts, for most of the Parts of this Body have already had Your Majesties view, and having past the Test of so clear and sharp-sighted a Judgment, which has as good a Title to give Law in Matters of this Nature as in any other, they who shall presume to dissent from Your Majesty, will do more wrong to their own Judgment, than their Judgment can do to me. And for those latter Parts which have not yet received your Majesties favourable Aspect, if they who have seen them do not flatter me, (for I dare not trust my own Judgment) they will make it appear, that it is not with me as with most of Mankind, who never forsake their Darling Vices, till their Vices forsake them; and that this Divorce was not Frigiditatis causa, but an Act of Choice, and not of Necessity. Therefore, Sir, I shall only call it an humble Petition, That Your Majesty will please to pardon this new Amour to my old Mistress, and my disobedience to his Commands, to whose Memory I look up with great Reverence and Devotion, and making a serious reflection upon that wise Advice, it carries much greater weight with it now than when it was given; for when Age and Experience has so ripened mans Discretion as to make it fit for use, either in private or publick Affairs, nothing blasts and corrupts the fruit of it so much as the empty, airy reputation of being nimis Poeta, and therefore I shall take my leave of the Muses, as two of my Predecessors did, saying,

Splendidi longum vale dico nugis,  
the versus &c. cetera ludicra pono.

Your Majesties most faithful  
and loyal Subject, and most  
dutiful and devoted Servant,

JO. DENHAM  
Cooper



## COOPERS-HILL.

**S**ure there are Poets which did never dream  
 Upon *Parnassus*, nor did taste the Stream  
 Of *Helicon*; we therefore may suppose  
 Those made not Poets, but the Poet those.  
 And as Courts make not Kings, but Kings the Court;  
 So where the Muses and their Train resort,  
*Parnassus* stands; if I can be to thee  
 A Poet, thou *Parnassus* art to me.  
 Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,  
 By taking Wing from thy auspicious height)  
 Through untrac'd ways, and aery paths I flye,  
 More boundless in my Fancy than my eye :  
 My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space  
 That lyes between, and first salutes the place  
 Crown'd with that sacred Pile, so vast, so high,  
 That whether 'ts a part of Earth, or Sky,  
 Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud  
 Aspiring Mountain, or descending Cloud :  
*Paul's* the late Theme of such a Muse whose flight *M. W.*  
 His bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height ;  
 Now shalt thou stand, though Sword, or Time, or, Fire,  
 Or Zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,  
 Secure, whilst thee the best of Poets sings,  
 Preserv'd from ruine by the best of Kings.

Under

Under his proud survey the City lies,  
 And like a mist beneath a Hill doth rise ;  
 Whose state and wealth the business and the Crowd,  
 Seems at this distance but a darker Cloud :  
 And is to him who rightly things esteems,  
 No other in effect than what it seems ;  
 Where, with like haste, though several ways, they run,  
 Some to undo, and some to be undone ;  
 While Luxury and Wealth, like War and Peace,  
 Are each the others ruine, and increase ;  
 As Rivers Lost in Seas some secret Vein  
 Thence re-conveys there to be lost again.  
 O happiness of sweet retir'd content !  
 To be at once secure, and innocent.

*Windsor* for the next (where *Mars* with *Venus* dwells,  
 Beauty with strength) above the Vally swells.

*Windsor*.

Into my eye, and doth it self present  
 With such an easie and unforc'd ascent,  
 That no stupendious precipice denies  
 Access, no horror turns away our eyes :  
 But such a Rise as doth at once invite  
 A pleasure and a reverence from the sight.  
 Thy mighty Masters Embleme, in whose face  
 State Meekness, heightned with Majestick Grace ;  
 Such seems the gentle Height, made only proud  
 To be the Basis of that pompous load,  
 Than which, a nobler weight no Mountain bears,  
 But *Atlas* only that supports the Sphears.

When

When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance;  
 'Twas guided by a wiser power than Chance;  
 Mark'd out for such a use, as if 'twere meant  
 To invite the Builder, and his choice prevent.  
 Nor can we call it choice, when what we chuse,  
 Folly, or Blindness only could refuse.  
 A Crown of such Majestick Tow'rs doth grace  
 The Gods great Mother, when her heavenly race  
 Do homage to her, yet she cannot boast  
 Amongst that numerous, and Celestial Host,  
 More *Hero's* than can *Windsor*, nor doth Fames  
 Immortal Book record more noble Names.  
 Not to look back so far, to whom this Isle  
 Owes the first Glory of so brave a Pile,  
 Whether to *Cæsar*, *Albanact*, or *Brute*,  
 The British *Arthur*, or the Danish *Knute*,  
 (Though this of old no less contest did move,  
 Than when for *Homer's* Birth seven Cities strove)  
 Like him in Birth, thou should'st be like in Fame,  
 (As thine his Fate, if mine had been his Flame)  
 But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd  
 First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.  
 Not to recount those several Kings, to whom  
 It gave a Cradle, or to whom a Tomb;  
 But the (great \* *Edward*) and thy greater Son;  
 (The Lillies which his Father wore, he won)  
 And thy † *Bellona*, who the Conquest came  
 Not only to thy Bed, but to thy Fame;

---

\* *Edward* Third, and the *Black Prince*, † *Queen Philipa*.

\* *She*

\* She to thy Triumph led one Captive King,  
 And brought that Son, which did the second bring  
 Then didst thou found that order, (whether love  
 Or Victory thy Royal thoughts did move)  
 Each was a Noble Cause, and nothing less  
 Than the design, has been the great success:  
 Which Foreign Kings and Emperours esteem  
 The second honour to their Diadem.  
 Had thy great Destiny but giv'n the skill,  
 To know, as well as power to act her will,  
 That from those Kings, who then thy Captives were,  
 In after time should spring a Royal Pair,  
 Who should possess all that thy mighty power,  
 Or thy desires more mighty, did devour;  
 To whom their better Fate reserves what e'er  
 The Victor hopes for, or the Vanquish'd fear;  
 That Blood, which thou and thy Great Grandfire shed,  
 And all that since these Sister Nations bled,  
 Had been unsplit, had happy *Edward* known  
 That all the Blood he spilt, had been his own.  
 When he that Patern chose, in whom are enjoy'd  
 Souldier and Martyr, and his arm's confin'd  
 Within the azure Circle, he did seem  
 But to foretel, and prophesie of him,  
 Who to his Realms that Azure roun hath joyn'd,  
 Which Nature for their Bound at first design'd.  
 That Bound, which to the Worlds extreamest ends,  
 Endless it self, it's liquid arms extends;

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\* The Kings of *France* and *Scotland*.



Nor doth he need those Emblems which we paint,  
 But is himself the Souldier and the Saint.  
 Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,  
 But my fixt thoughts my wandring eye betrays,  
 Viewing a Neighbouring Hill, whose top of late  
 A Chapel crown'd, till in the common Fate,  
 The adjoyning Abbey fell : (may no such storm  
 Fall on our Times, where ruine must reform.)  
 Tell me (my Muse) what monstrous dire offence,  
 What crime could any Christian King incense  
 To such a rage? Was't Luxury, or Lust?  
 Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?  
 Were these their crimes? they were his own much more :  
 But Wealth is crime enough to him that's poor,  
 Who having spent the Treasures of his Crown,  
 Condemns their Luxury to feed his own.  
 And yet this Act, to varnish o'r the shame  
 Of Sacrilege, must bear Devotions Name.  
 No crime so bold, but would be understood  
 A real, or at least a seeming good,  
 Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the Name,  
 And free from Conscience is a Slave to Fame.  
 Thus he the Church at once protects, and spoils :  
 But Princes Swords are sharper than their stiles.  
 And thus to th' Ages past he makes amends,  
 Their Charity destroys, their Faith defends.  
 Than did Religion in a lazy Cell,  
 In empty, aery Contemplations dwell :

And

And like the Block, unmoved lay : but ours,  
 As much to active, like the Stork devours.  
 Is there no temperate Region can be known,  
 Betwixt their Frigid, and our Torrid Zone ?  
 Could we not wake from that Lethargick Dream,  
 But to be restless in a worse Extream ?  
 And for that Lethargy was there no Cure,  
 But to be cast into a Calenture ?  
 Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance  
 So far, to make us wish for ignorance ?  
 And rather in the dark to grope our way,  
 Than led by a false Guide to erre by day ?  
 Who sees these dismal Heaps, but would demand  
 What barbarous Invader sack'd the Land ?  
 But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring  
 This desolation, but a Christian King ;  
 When nothing, but the Name of Zeal, appears  
 Twixt our best actions, and the worst of theirs,  
 What does he think our Sacrilege would spare,  
 When such th' effects of our Devotion are ?  
 Parting from thence twixt anger shame and fear,  
 Those for what's past, and this for what's too near :  
 My eye descending from the Hill, surveys  
 Where *Thames* amongst the wanton Vallies strays.  
*Thames*, the most lov'd of all the Ocean Sons,  
 By his old Sire to his embraces runs,  
 Hastning to pay his tribute to the Sea,  
 Like mortal life to meet Eternity.

*Thames.*

Though

Though with those streams he no resemblance hold;  
 Whose foam is Amber, and their Gravel Gold;  
 His genuine, and less guilty wealth t' explore,  
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore;  
 O're which he kindly spreads his spacious wing:  
 And hatches plenty for th' ensuing Spring.  
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,  
 Like Mothers which their infants overlay:  
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,  
 Like profuse Kings, resumes the wealth he gave;  
 No unexpected inundations spoil  
 The Mowers hopes, nor mock the plowmans toyl:  
 But Godlike his unwearied Bounty flows;  
 First loves to do, than loves the Good he does:  
 Nor are his Blessings to his banks confin'd,  
 But free, and common, as the Sea or Wind;  
 When he to boast or to disperse his stores  
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,  
 Visits the World, and in his flying towers  
 Brings home to us, and makes both *Indies* ours;  
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,  
 Cities in desarts, Woods in Cities plants,  
 So that to us no thing, no place is strange,  
 While his fair bosom is the Worlds exchange.  
 O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream  
 My great example, as it is my theme!  
 Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,  
 Strong without rage, without o're-flowing full.

Heaven

Heaven bet *Eridanus* no more shall boast,  
 Whose Fame in thine, like lesser Currents lost,  
 Thy Nobler streams shall visit *Jove's* aboads,  
 To shine amongst the Stars, and bathe the Gods,  
 Here Nature, whether more intent to please  
 Us, or her self, with strange varities,  
 (For things of wonder give no less delight  
 To the wise Makers, than Beholders sight.  
 Though these delights from several causes wove,  
 For so our Children, thus our Friends we love)  
 Wisely she knew the harmony of things,  
 As well as that of sounds, from discords springs:  
 Such was the discord, which did first disperse  
 From, Order, Beauty, through the Universe;  
 While driness moisture, coldness heat resists,  
 All that we have, and that we are subsists.  
 While the steep horrid roughness of the Wood  
 Strive with the gentle calmness of the flood.  
 Such huge extreams when Nature doth unite,  
 Wonder from thence results, from thence delight,  
 The stream is so transparent, pure and clear,  
 That had the self-enamour'd Youth gaz'd here,  
 So fatally deceiv'd he had not been;  
 While he the bottom, not his face had seen.  
 But his proud head the aery Mountain hides  
 Among the Clouds; his shoulders, and his sides  
 A shady Mantle clothes; his curled Brows  
 Frown on the gentle Stream, which calmly flows,

*The Forrest**Nereid's**White*



While winds and Storms his lofty Forehead beat  
 The common Fate of all that's High or Great.  
 Low at his Foot a spacious Plain is plac'd,  
 Between the Mountain and the Stream embrac'd :  
 Which Shade and Shelter from the Hill derives,  
 While the kind River Wealth and Beauty gives ;  
 And in the mixture of all these appears  
 Variety, which all the rest indears.  
 This Scene, had some bold Greek, or British bard  
 Beheld of old, what Stories had we heard,  
 Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs their Dames,  
 Their Feasts, their revels, and their amorous flames ?  
 'Tis still the same, although their airy shape,  
 All but a quick Poetick sight escape.  
 There *Faunus* and *Silvanus* keep their Courts,  
 And thither all the horned Hoast resorts,  
 To graze the ranker Mead, that noble heard  
 On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd  
 Natures great Master-piece ; to shew how soon  
 Great things are made, but sooner are undone.  
 Here have I seen the King, when great Affairs  
 Gave leave to slacken, and unbend his cares,  
 Attended to the Chase by all the flower  
 Of Youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour :  
 Pleasure with praise, and danger, they would buy,  
 And wish a Foe that would not only fly.  
 The Stag now conscious of his fatal Growth,  
 At once indulgent to his Fear and Sloth,  
 To some dark Covert his retreat had made,  
 Where nor Mans eye, nor Heaven's should invade,  
 His soft repose ; when th' unexpected sound  
 Of Dogs, and Men, his wakeful ear doth wound :  
 Rouz'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear :  
 Willing to think th' illusions of his fear  
 Had given this false Alarm, but strait his view  
 Confirms, that more than all he fears is true :

Betray'd

Betray'd in all his Strengths, the Wood beset,  
 All Instruments, all Arts of Ruine met  
 He calls to mind his Strength, and then his Speed,  
 His winged Heels, and then his Armed Head ;  
 With these t' avoid, with that his Fate to meet :  
 But fear prevails, and bids him trust his Feet.  
 So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye  
 Has lost the Chasers, and his ear the Cry :  
 Exulting, till he finds, their Nobler Sense  
 Their disproportion'd Speed does recompense.  
 Then curses his conspiring Feet, who scent  
 Betrays that safety, which their swiftness lent.  
 Then tries his Friends, among the baser heard,  
 Where he so lately was obey'd, and fear'd,  
 His safety seeks : the Herd, unkindly wise,  
 Or Chases him from thence, or from him flies.  
 Like a declining States men, left forlorn  
 To his Friends pity, and Pursuers scorn ;  
 With shame remembers, while himself was one  
 Of the same Herd, himself the same had done.  
 Thence to the Coverts, and the conscious Groves,  
 The Scences of his past Triumphs, and his Loves ;  
 Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone  
 Prince of the Soil, and all the Herd his own ;  
 And like a bold Knight Errant did proclaim  
 Combat to all, and bore away the Dame ;  
 And taught the Woods to Echo to the Stream  
 His dreadful Challenge, and his clashing Beam :  
 Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife ;  
 So much his Love was dearer than his Life.  
 Now every Leaf, and every moving Breath  
 Presents a Foe, and every Foe a Death.  
 Wearied, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last  
 All safety in despair of safety plac'd,  
 Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear  
 All their Assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.

And now too late he wishes for the fight,  
 That strength he wasted in ignoble flight:  
 But when he sees the eager Chase renew'd  
 Himself by Dogs, the Dogs by Men pursu'd:  
 He strait revokes his bold resolve, and more  
 Repents his courage, than his fear before;  
 Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,  
 And Doubt a greater mischief than Despair.  
 Then to the Stream, when neither Friends, nor Force,  
 Nor speed, nor Art avail, he shaps his course;  
 Thinks not their rage so desperate t' assay  
 An Element more merciless than they.  
 But fearless they pursue, nor can the Flood  
 Quench their dire Thirst; alas, they thirst for Blood.  
 So toward a Ship the oarsfin'd Gallies ply,  
 Which wanting Sea to ride, or Wind to fly,  
 Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare  
 Tempt the last fury of extream Despair.  
 So fares the Stag among the enrag'd Hounds,  
 Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds  
 And as a Hero, whom his baser Foes  
 In Troops surrounds, now these assails, now those,  
 Though Prodigal of Life, disdains to dye  
 By common hands; but if he can descry  
 Some nobler Foes approach, to him he calls,  
 And begs his Fate, and then contented falls.  
 So when the King a mortal Shaft lers flye  
 From his unerring hand, then glad to dye,  
 Proud of the wound, to it resigns his Blood,  
 And stains the Crystal with a purple Flood.  
 This a more innocent and happy Chase,  
 Than when of old, but in the self-same place,  
 \* Fair Liberty pursu'd, and meant a Prey  
 To lawless power, here turn'd, and stood at Bay.

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\* Runny Mead, were that Great Charter was first sealed.



When in that remedy all hope was plac'd,  
 Which was, or should have been at least, the last.  
 Here was that Charter seal'd, wherein the Crown †  
 All marks of Arbitrary Power lays down :  
 Tyrant and Slave, those Names of hate and fear,  
 The happier Styl of King and subject bear :  
 Happy when both to the same Center move,  
 When Kings give Liberty, and subjects Love.  
 Therefore not long in force this Charter stood ;  
 Wanting that Seal, it must be seal'd in Blood.  
 The Subjects arm'd, the more their Princes gave,  
 Th' advantage only took the more to crave.  
 Till Kings by giving, give themselves away,  
 And even that power that should deny, betray.  
 " Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles ;  
 " Not thank't, but scorn'd ; nor are thy gifts, but spoils.  
 Thus Kings, by grasping more than they could hold,  
 First made their subjects by oppression bold :  
 And popular sway, by forcing Kings to give  
 More than was fit for Subjects to receive,  
 Ran to the same extreams ; and one excess  
 Made both, by striving to be greater, less.  
 When a calm River rais'd with sudden rains,  
 Or snows dissolv'd, o'r flows the adjoining Plains,  
 The Husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure  
 Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure,  
 But if with Bays and Dams, they strive to force  
 His Chancel to a new or narrow course ;  
 No longer then within his banks he dwells.  
 First to a Torrent, then a Deluge swells :  
 Stronger and fiercer ! by restraint he roars,  
 And knows no bound, but makes his power his shores.

† Magna Charta.

F I N I S.



